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ON A NAVAL OFFICER BURIED IN THE ATLANTIC.

There is, in the wide lone sea,
A spot unmark'd, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep,
That oft to triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
With the soft waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe
From tempest or from billow,
Where the storms, that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever;
It was his home while he had breath;
'Tis now his rest for ever.

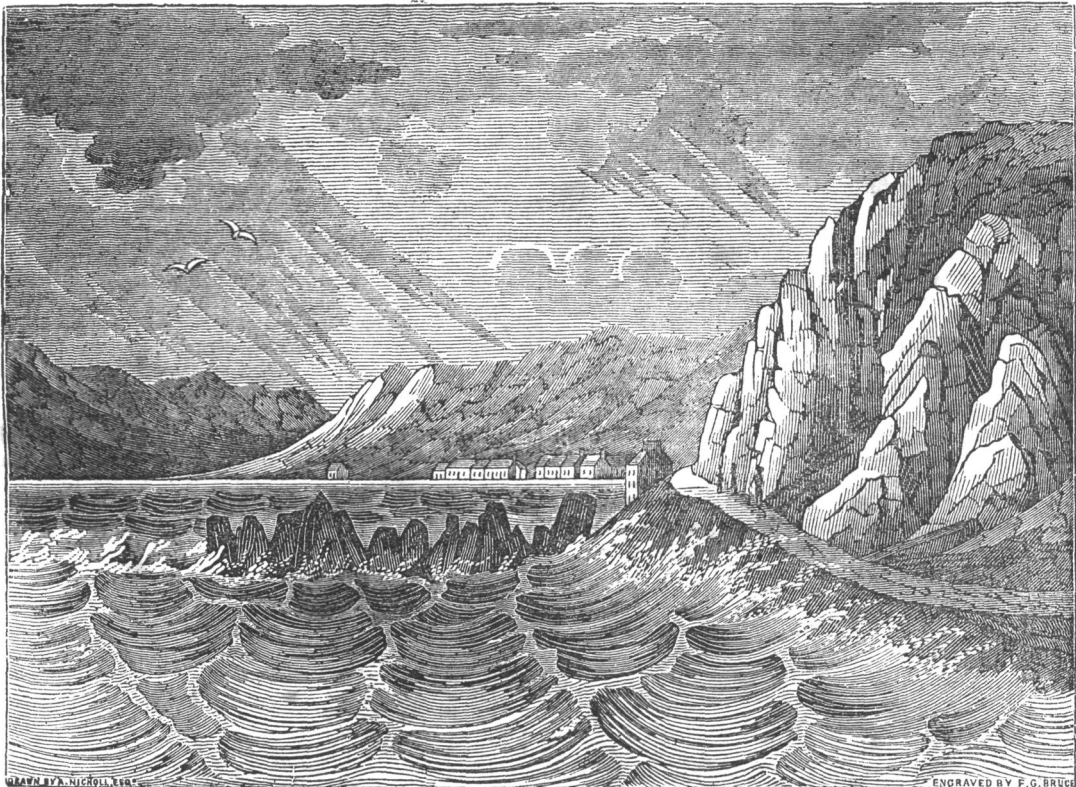
Sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee—
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here;
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout above thee.

When the last trump shall sound,
And tombs are sunder riven,
Like the morning sun from the wave thou'lt bound,
To rise and shine in heaven.

NEW MODE OF EMBALMING THE DEAD.

The public journals have already spoken of the new method of embalming, by which Dr. Trombina, of Palermo, preserves a dead body for two months free from any symptom of corruption. It has been said, that, without opening the body, he prepared a corpse in less than two hours, according to his method, and delivered it to the university, in order to remove every doubt of the efficacy of his proceeding. A letter from Palermo, of the 24th of May, confirms the result of the experiment upon a subject which had been embalmed two months and four days, and was in perfect preservation. Externally, a small incision, about half an inch in length, was observed in the neck; the face was rather dried, and also the toes, which seemed to be hard, and of a brownish colour; the pupils of the eyes were covered with a darkish wrinkled skin; the rest of the body retained its natural colour and the perfect pliability of all the limbs. On opening the skull, the blood issued as red and as fluid as from a person just dead: the dura mater was white and shining; the mass of the brain beneath so fresh, that it could scarcely have been believed to belong to the dead: externally it was grey, as usual; internally, throughout, white: and the veins as visible, red, and defined as in a quite fresh brain. On opening the chest and abdomen, the heart and lungs were in the same natural state; and the intestines, which first turn black immediately after death, were precisely those that were in the best state of preservation—white, soft, shining, inodorous, though they contained some fluid matter which should have promoted their corruption. The liver, kidneys, &c. were quite fresh. The attentive silence with which all the spectators (about five hundred persons, in the dissecting-room of the university) had regarded the examination was intermingled with true Italian vivacity, by long and repeated *evvivas* to the doctor.



VILLAGE OF WATERFOOT, NEAR CUSHENDALL.

Having already in a former number described the entire line of coast from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, we would merely observe, in reference to the little village represented in the above engraving, that it lies between Glenarm and Cushendall—but a short distance from Red Bay, on the one hand, and the romantic vale and cascade of Glenariffe on the other, the prospect to the left being terminated by the lofty conical summit of Cruach-a-Cruie—while that to the north is bounded by the beautiful hill

of Lurgeidan. On the shores of Red Bay innumerable fragments of the mountains of Carriv-Murphy and Sleive Barighad lie scattered, in promiscuous confusion. Indeed at every step the magnificent scene of desolation assumes new forms, and is finely contrasted by the quiet Vale of Glenariffe, which unexpectedly meets the eye of the traveller, as he journeys towards the Causeway.